

Bright
HORIZONS

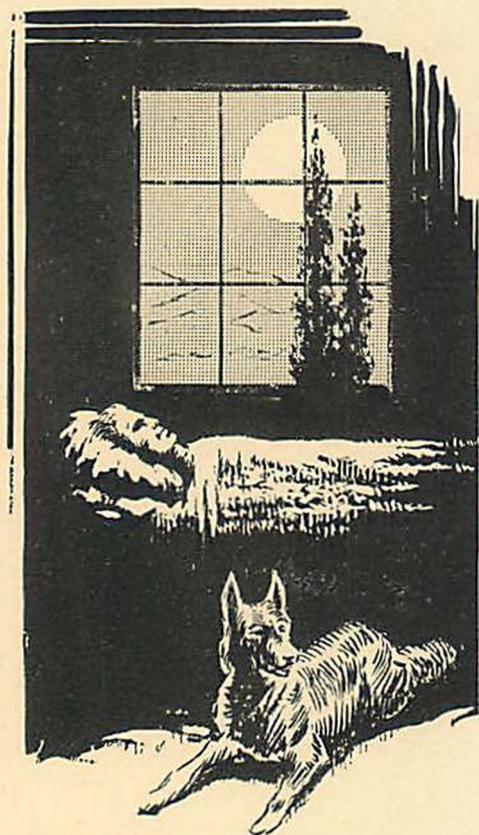
for DECEMBER, 1954



Nothing but Soulcraft

What All Grown-Ups Don't Know:

*People Don't Necessarily Die When
Their Souls Go Out of Their Bodies*



The Story of a Night in a Lonely Bungalow With a Police Dog

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS : Noblesville, Indiana

Let the Old Year End on a Note of Wisdom!

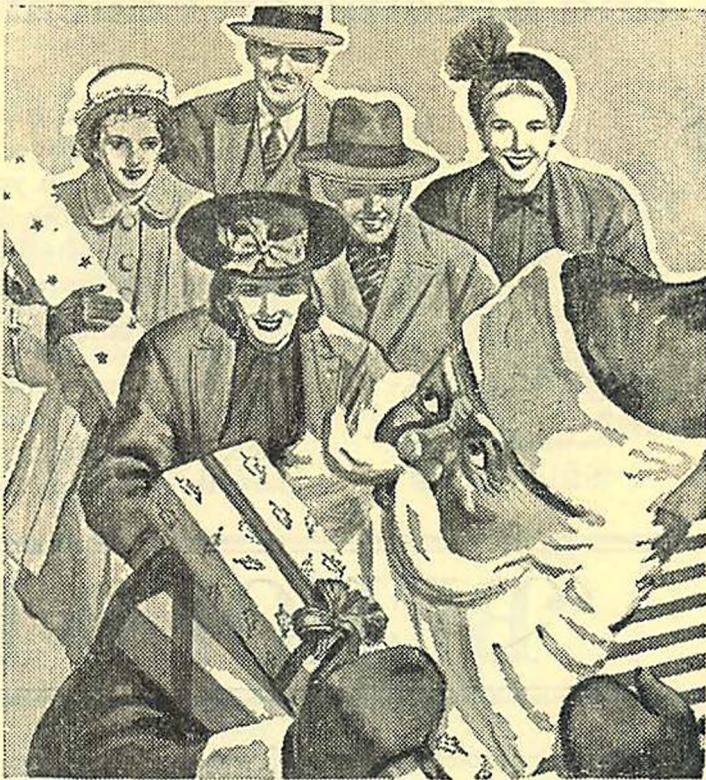
YULETIDE being each year's final holiday, the year ends purposely on a note of joy.

SOULCRAFT

would have it end as well on a note of Wisdom. When Joy and Wisdom are one, the soul is automatically promoted to higher grades of consciousness.

THIS MAGAZINE

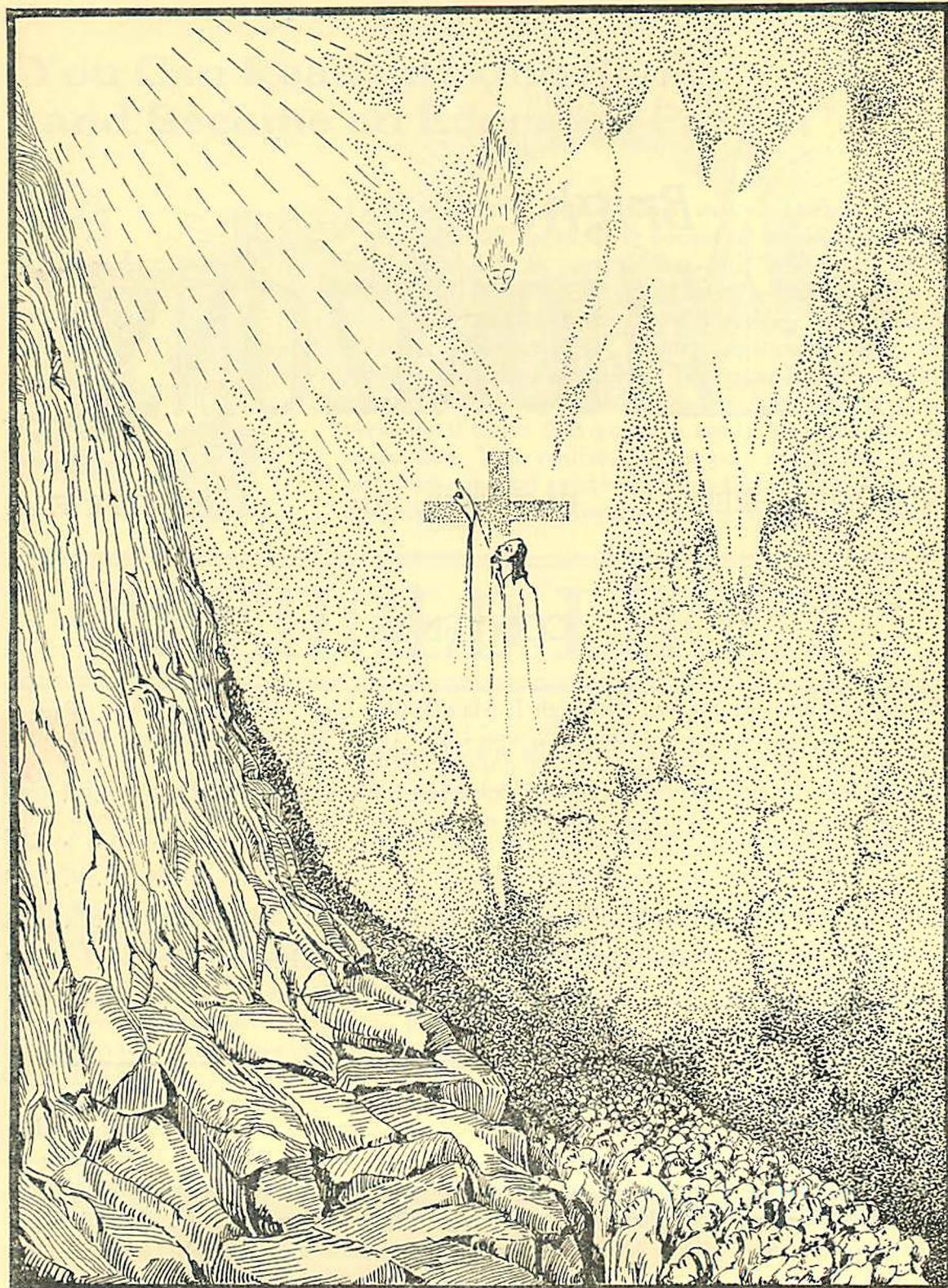
is intentionally prepared that samples of such Wisdom may become available for combining with this year's Yuletide Joy . . .



More and More Bright Horizons Becomes a Periodical for Junior Soulcrafters

CHRISTMAS is therefore an excellent time for 'teen-agers and even children to begin understanding of the great life-truths that are suddenly becoming released to Man in this age of Extra-Sensory Perception, 200-inch telescopes, and Nuclear Fission. Sacred Psychical Research starts making the cult mysteries of yesteryear less mystical. But **Bright Horizons** attempts as well to present these great subjects in as simple a style as the English tongue affords. This puts it in a grade of reading matter especially slanted for beginners and youngsters. It means they find answers in it to quandaries that no other books or periodicals explain. Yet none of it means that older readers do not find equal interest in the principles of Soulcraft clarified!

No One Is Too Young to Understand Soulcraft



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VOLUME THREE

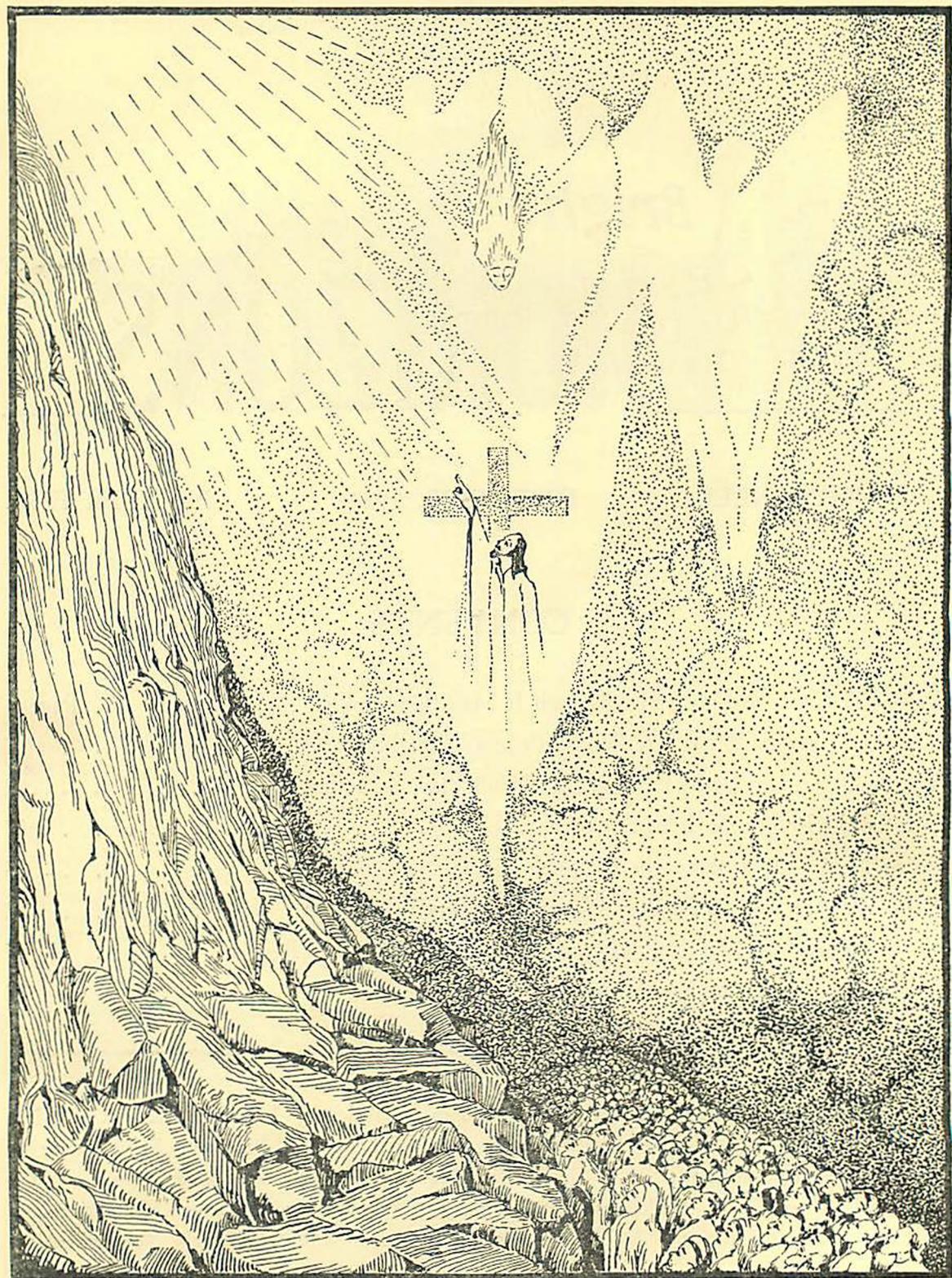
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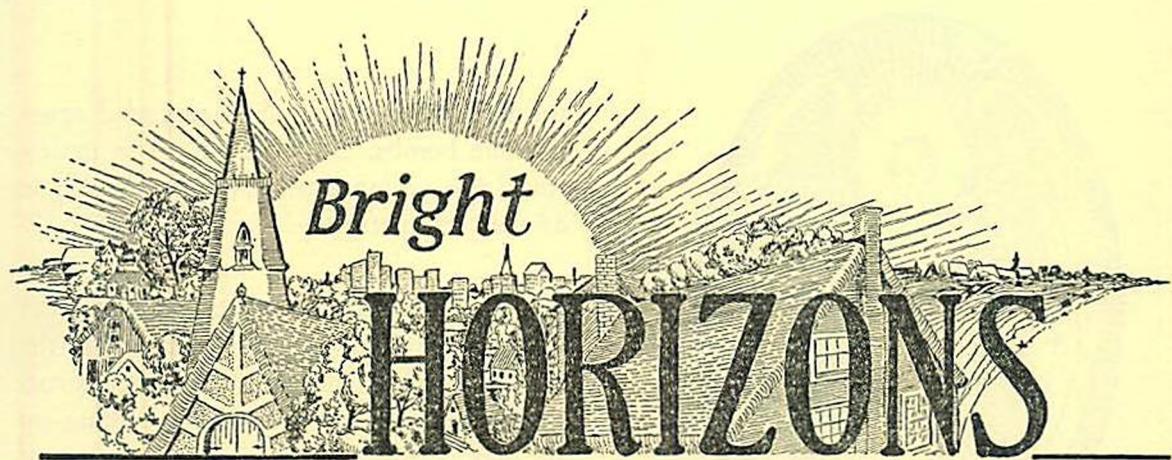
NUMBER FIVE

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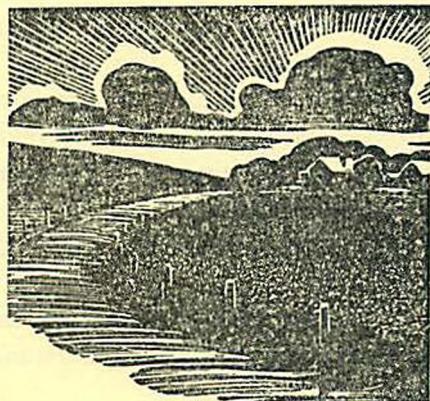
VOLUME THREE

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WHY We Can't See Heaven Although It May Be over Us

YOU GO to Sunday School and they tell you about a place called Heaven, to which your soul goes when you die. You get the idea it is somewhere overhead, despite the scientific fact that our largest telescopes, capable of seeing to Mars or Venus, can't pick up any astronomical evidences of it. It is supposed to be the living place of God, Jesus and the angels, and the Bible solemnly assures us that Jesus "ascended" there a few days after his Crucifixion. The Bible couldn't



be deliberately printing lies about it, and yet the Biblical account doesn't match up with known astronomy. What on earth is the matter?



Then there is the mystery of the soul itself.

The Bible says about *that*, we all of us possess a physical body and a "spiritual" body. It is the spiritual body that is supposed to go to heaven and live with God, Jesus, the angels, and all the beloved relatives that have died before us. Yet somehow or other, if we are supposed to survive and know the new conditions of Heaven at reaching it, it would mean that we must change from one body to another body. And how in the world do we do that?

Somewhere on both matters there must be something we don't understand or lack the key to unlock.

Soulcraft undertakes to make it clearer.

We discover the solution to the mystery in properly understanding what Matter itself is, and the composition of the atom . . . which is causing such excitement among

the nations of today when exploded apart in atom bombs. Suppose we try to understand this explanation, making it as simple as the facts permit—

IT IS known by scientists exploring the mysteries of Nuclear Fission—as the study of atomic energy and atom-construction is called—that everything making up the world, meaning any and all types of materials, are composed of one basic substance, which for want of a better name they call Ether or Etheric Energy. This is by no means the gas of the same name that you inhale at the dentist's to save you pain when you are having a tooth pulled. Ether in the scientific sense is a form of Free Energy, made up of electrical impulses positive and negative. It is this Etheric Unit that goes by the other name of the *Atom*.

Try to remember that an Atom is different from a Molecule. A molecule is the smallest quantity of anything that can be broken down at any one time and have it remain a true substance. But when you go beyond that and break down a molecule, you run into the next smallest unit of which molecules are constructed—Atoms.

An Atom when you explore into it, is really a little planetary system—or a planetary system in miniature—exactly like the solar system. The proton is the sun, the electrons are like Venus, Earth, Mars and the other heavenly bodies flying about it. Only they are so terrifically small that

none of them can be seen separately with the naked eye.

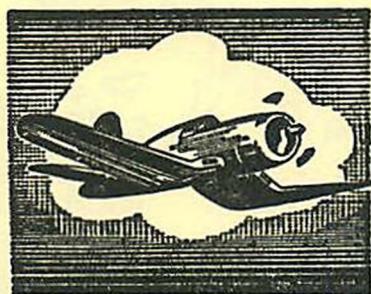
Nevertheless, there are tremendous open spaces between the proton sun of each atom and its electron-planets, but our own human eyesight is so clumsy that it cannot even see one atom planetary system, let alone the mass of them that goes to make up a given material. However, here is the great secret of the atom and its part played in the manufacture of different materials—

Subtract just one electron-planet from the little solar system of an atom and what you get is a *different material*.

This, in fact, is the difference in materials, such as paper, cloth, wood, steel and so on. Take steel for instance. Science has found out that its little solar system of steel atoms is made of a proton-center, or combination of twenty-six central suns and twenty-six electron planets. But remove just one of these electron-planets and you no longer have steel, you have nickel.

What the makers of atom bombs are doing, is finding ways to tear loose planet electrons from the solar system of uranium, but uranium is said to be so "unstable" that when you *do* separate one or more electron-planets from it, the whole atom explodes or flies apart—with a general explosion that has the force to knock down a whole city or set it afire. This was what happened over Hiroshima, Japan, in the closing of World War II. The government flew some uranium atoms right over Hiroshima and dropped from an airplane the whole mechanical works that tore some electrons out of the urani-

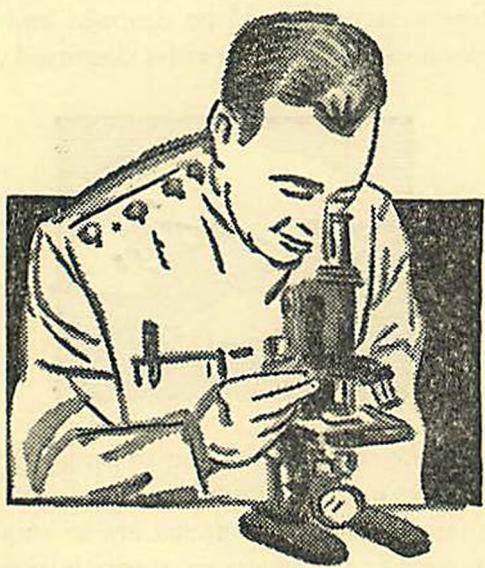
um atom. The airplane got out of sight as fast as it could fly, leaving the separation of the uranium electrons to take place while the atom was falling. The explosion wiped out Hiroshima and scared the Japs so badly that they agreed to peace before a second could be dropped and a whole flock of Japanese cities destroyed . .



But the trouble in trying to understand what goes on in an atom-bomb explosion is the one big fact that atoms are so small, compared to the power or *energy* in them, that the human eye cannot see them separately. It sees them in total, all pressed together, and giving the appearance of a solid material. Actually the material itself is not solid, it only appears that way because human eyesight is so clumsy. We take millions and millions of steel atoms all pressed together, and it gives the effect on our senses of a solid chunk of steel. Really it is a great constellation of suns and planets in the right numbers to give steel. We see it all in one pattern of arrangement and we say we have a piece of steel metal.

All this being scientifically proven because men get atom bombs in explosion when they succeed in separating certain electrons in the uranium material, we find

the secret as to why we seem to live on this plane of materials, as we term it, while in the realms known as Heaven we seem to live on other and differently constructed planes of materials . . .



ON EACH of these planes or levels of materials, we sense things as being real or materialistic when we can measure them with our eyes or gift of touch. When we have materials that are beyond our eyesight or gift of touch, we make the very foolish and ignorant mistake of saying they don't exist. But they most certainly do exist. They exist in a state where we simply can't see or touch them. As you were asked in the last issue of *B RIGHT HORIZONS*, can you see or touch air? Yet it most certainly does exist or we wouldn't be able to draw breath and live.

It so happens that the bodies in which our souls are living and performing has what we call Physical Senses, that are

keyed at what we call Vibratory Rates or Frequencies to see or feel only such appearances of the universe about us that operate on the same vibratory rate or frequency. Therefore things about us are *real*. This is the condition we recognize here on earth as the physical, material or mortal.

But when we go through the curious—and painless—change we call Death, our souls quit our physical bodies for our spiritual bodies in which the soul really resides. This spiritual body, which seems to be pretty much an exact duplicate of our physical selves and exists all throughout our mortal days fitted inside our physical selves, really has much finer senses than our outward physical bodies, senses so fine and acute, in fact, that they can be conscious all the time of the Vibratory Rate or "frequency" of materials that go to compose the place called Heaven.

So when the spiritual body pulls out of the physical body at Death—for that is all Death is—it possesses the sense abilities to see and touch at once all the materials of the Heaven-World. Thus the Heaven-World is equally real.

It is one of the great mysteries and secrets of Creation that you always are able to see and touch the materials of the world or plane that is operating at the same rate of vibration as the body you are occupying. Try and understand this great fact by this illustration—

AS the electrons of the steel atom fly around its proton-sun, they are spaced at a given natural distance from that proton-sun. Now suppose it were possible somehow to double such distance while at

the same time weighing or measuring the numbers of atoms within a given area of the steel, can you not grasp that the steel would weigh just one-half as much? It should be possible for you to grasp why this should happen. It is the attraction of the earth for the massed atoms of a given material that we understand as weight. If we increased the distance between each proton and electron in each item by making it twice as far, and yet did not increase the size of the space that we are measuring, there could only be half as many atoms within it. Understand too, by the way, that the *number* of atoms within any area does not change the nature of the material, always it's the number of electrons around a proton that does that. Steel electrons to the number of twenty-six flying about the sun-proton will always and forever give steel—but space the electrons an at increased distance from the proton and solely it's *weight* of the steel that's affected.

Keep on increasing the distance between electrons and protons in steel and you have a metal becoming lighter and lighter, although it's still steel because the combinations of protons and electrons haven't been disturbed. Carry this to a stupendous degree and the effect on your clumsy physical senses is to make the steel finally become invisible to you. You cry quite correctly that it has "disappeared." It hasn't necessarily gone out of existence. It has simply turned into a condition of such far spaces between the electrons and protons that your eyesight or sense of touch stops being aware of it.

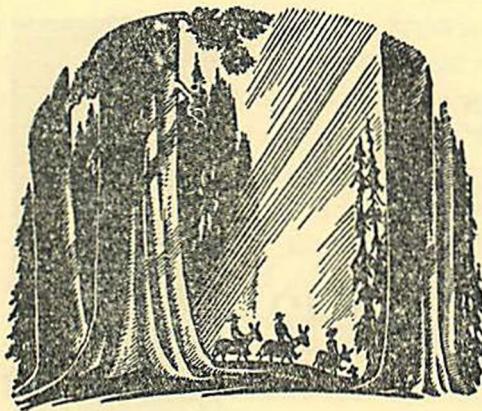
The steel is still *there* because the combinations of electrons to protons hasn't been disturbed. But its "tensity"—try to remember that word—has altered to where you can no longer sense it, your senses not having the power to discern it.

¶ HE WHO shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will revolutionize the world

But now, suppose you could view that same "expanded" steel with the senses of your equally expanded spiritual body, or finer senses than your physical body, as you would describe them, and this expanded steel assembly of atoms would be just as real to you as steel was to your eyes and touch before the increasing of its electrons away from the steel protons began.

A LITTLE thinking over of this simple mystery should enable you to grasp why you can't see or touch the materials of Heaven—that could be just as real as any material on this lower and slower rate of vibration, but which have to wait until you operate with your finer spiritual senses to perceive it.

Almost you could put it the other way



the whole of it that doesn't change, and that is the strength and power of our intellects, what we call our Mentalities.

In other words, our powers of thinking up through all the layers remains the same, or to put it more accurately, as we move up through the thinning worlds of materials we discover ourselves able to think with greater and greater power, because insofar as Matter is concerned our Thinking Selves meet with less obstruction from the substances around us.

This is a deep and tricky set of ideas to grasp perhaps, but as Junior Soulcrafters do grasp it they have the key given them to all sorts of riddles that puzzle people without the slightest suspicion of it.

Do you realize what it means in practice?

It means that the higher you move through the surrounding layers of Reality, the easier it becomes to control and shape Matter by the powers of your thinking processes alone . .

DOWN here on this hardest central globe called Earth-Life, our minds or thinking powers are practically at the mer-

cy of Matter and have to obey when Matter commands. We say that Matter "commands" us when it makes our bodies do what it wants them to do, whether we particularly fancy doing it or not.

We can get an idea of what this means by the simple illustration of getting down a kite that is caught in a tree. We can stand on the ground under the tree and try to "think" the kite free of the branches, but not a thing happens. The kite stays caught until someone brings a ladder long enough to reach up to the place where the kite is entangled. Then we have to hoist our heavy bodies by muscular effort one ladder-rung at a time till we get up to the place, then put our arms and hands forth with more muscular effort and untwine the kite-string from the branches and twigs.

The materials composing tree, branches, twigs, kitestring, kite, ladder—all these "obstruct" the thinking of our minds, or pay it not the slightest attention. The kite stays caught. Yes, we *can* succeed in freeing the kite by bringing a ladder, climbing it, and using our fingers to get the kite untangled from branches and leaves, so the kite does not stay caught forever unless we bow to the dictates of Matter on this sphere.

Now suppose, purely for the sake of conveying an idea and not because it is what particularly does happen, on the next grade or globe of thinner atomic Matter we caught the same kite in a tree on that higher plane but our minds were strong enough to reach up like fingers at the end of a long arm from the ground and say, "Kite, come loose!" And those long mental fingers made an effort to disentangle

it to the point that others seemed to see the kite twisting and contorting to get free of itself—at least we could see that the kite was responding to the Powers of Our Thought even though our Thought did not prove strong enough actually to complete the untangling. That would picture to you the extent of mental control on the next higher layer of reality.

Very well, consider a still higher and "thinner" world of tree-kite-ladder materials, but with your mind-powers just as strong. A knot has been unwittingly tied in the kite-strong which must first be untied before the kite can be loosed. In other words, there must be Intellect applied in the situation, not so much to free the kite as to untie that knot. That means the Thinking Self must be transported right up into the tree and close to string-knot so to see it and work upon it. For that purpose a ladder is needed to hold the equally thinner physical body up at the height where the knot exists. But on this third thinner-world, no particular intellect or mental strategy—as we describe it—is necessary to fetch a ladder. We know the ladder is in the shed of this higher and thinner world. So we command the ladder to come forth of itself from the shed and place itself against the tree in order that we may ascend and work upon that stubborn string-knot. And there being no obstructions, and such thinner Matter in the ladder being obedient to thought-command, we see the magical thing happening of the ladder moving forth out of the shed, across the lawn to the tree as though an invisible person were carrying it. Presently as it places itself in position, we climb the

*¶ MARY Baker Eddy
said Jesus was called
Christ only in the sense
that you say, a godlike
man. I am only a God-
like woman and have
done a work none
others could do . .*

rungs and untangle the knot.

All right, now consider a world of still thinner Matter—all equally as real to us in every respect because the bodies in which our thinking is being done are equally "thinned"—and consider what happens with Thought doing the solving of the situation. Thought says, "Kite, become untangled!" Kite, of course, cannot of itself respond in speech and answer, "I can't because my string has become knotted." But suppose Mind, perceiving that really it is tree-branch that is holding kite aloft and without tree-branch in the picture, kite would come fluttering to the ground, says to tree-branch, "Dissolve your atoms so you no longer exist as a branch." Then the atoms in tree-branch obey, no branch exists one instant longer, and kite is free to fall to our feet. Does the dissolving of tree-branch spoil the symmetry of the tree? With freed kite at our feet, we can use the

same powers of thought constructively and say to tree-atoms, "Restore yourselves to the pattern of the branch as it was before you obeyed my mental command to dissolve." You "put the branch back in existence," in other words, and proceed on about your business of kite-flying. Thought has achieved on the third or fourth "plane" what tree-kite-string-ladder certainly could not do of itself on this hard central core-world.

Mental Power grows more and more powerful as we proceed up through the layer-worlds of thinner and thinner material, controlling the behavior of such material, whereas down here on the hard central core-world itself, Mind must conform to the hardness of the things composing it.

¶ GOD could not be everywhere, therefore he made mothers . . .

PEOPLE who remove the organization of their thinner and thinner spirit bodies from their 150-pound material bodies on this plane, discover as they mount higher through lives in the surrounding "heavenly" worlds that Mind more and more commands Materials of every sort, until Mind can even construct the designs and features of those worlds—always subject, of course, to higher laws and regulations that keep individuals from

doing such creating on their own hooks that the whole plane of each heaven-world becomes a confused and chaotic mess. Because you should be able to realize that if anyone could dissolve a literal tree-branch where a wanted kite were caught, it would equally have the power to dissolve the whole tree if it took the notion. Or it could construct a tree of steel instead of a tree of wood, and all Nature would be thrown out of divine pattern.

Nevertheless, people who have proceeded higher and higher through those layers of worlds surrounding earth—all of them invisible because of our present inadequate senses to discern them—report back almost identically the same thing: the positions of Mind and Matter are finally reversed, when they get up to the very highest of the "outside" worlds.

On the hard surface of this inner-core earth, Mind does what Matter dictates by Matter's setting up limitations on the activities of Mind; on the highest of the surrounding heaven-worlds, Matter does what Mind dictates, and the problem then is to see that Mind doesn't do a lot of things that would well-nigh destroy the features of the natural world by a thousand different people mentally commanding a thousand different effects.

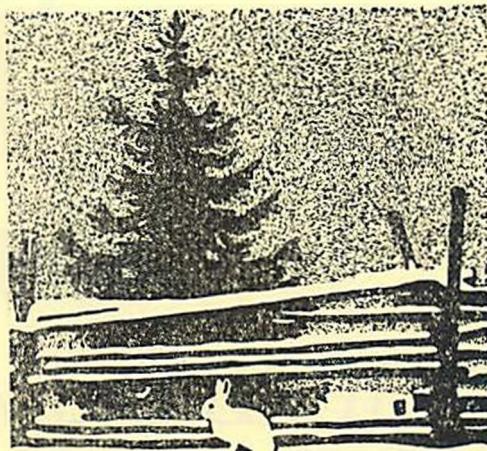
IT ALL sounds silly and impossible, perhaps, looking out upon our very real Matter-World of our present bodily occupancies, and declaring because of the limitations on our sensings that "nothing is there" because those senses can't pick it up. But could we not say the same thing about the atoms in the uranium or hydro-

gen bombs? No one has ever *seen* an atom literally, because it's too infinitely tiny to be caught by eyesight, even with the most powerful eyeglasses. Nevertheless it is *there*, else in the grand accumulate we wouldn't have a pound of Matter in the whole universe.

This world is filled with all sorts and thicknesses of Matter because we are sensing their atoms in the collection and compression of trillions and trillions of them, even in the baseball bat that we pick up so carelessly to wham a baseball and win Saturday afternoon's ball game on the nearest corner lot.

It's well-nigh fantastic to think about, but there it is. And we know our thinking is right about it, because nuclear-fission scientists prove it up every time they make an atom bomb and load it into an airplane for testing out with a big boom in the South Pacific. Then again, we know it's right because there comes a time sooner or later when each and everyone of us go through the process of moving our consciousness up through the invisible layers of the surrounding heaven-worlds. It will be reported in the newspapers that we shall have "died" . . . and our bodies composed of flesh-and-blood atoms of this hard inner-core world have been buried in a cemetery graves after our funerals. But our consciousness, or ability to keep right on sensing, and thinking, and knowing, and remembering, will merely have moved up one notch into the next "thinner" atomic world—which will seem equally real to us in every detail.

Truly it's applying the latest findings of modern science to what older people call



the debatable question of Survival. Never having investigated much in the atomic construction of Matter, they will argue and question whether the whole soul of us has or hasn't perished when such bodily "death" or quitting had happened.

All they'll really be doing, of course, is displaying the extent of their own ignorance of these scientific matters.

However, as you continue to read Soul-craft deeper and deeper and study what it's published about the reports of those who have long-since gone through such changes, a greater and a still-clearer idea of what happens—and *why*—will come to you and render you very wise indeed, so that the more ignorant will look up to you from all walks of life.

Actually, it's the activity of, and in, those "thinner" atomic worlds that the ignorant on this hard inner-core world call the "supernatural." They do this because they don't know any better.

But why stay ignorant when knowledge is yours for the taking? . . .



WHERE Did Adam Come From If He Didn't Have a Mother?

AN ALERT boy of ten, hearing Soulcraft principles discussed by his parents across the dining-table, put the question above. But the same mystery has been voiced by others besides ten-year-olds. Telling them, as the Bible does, that "God took dust of the ground" and fashioned Adam, "breathing into his nostrils the breath of life," is not enough. It is neither scientifically accurate nor anatomically possible. "Dust" is defined in the dictionary as "fine dry pulverized particles of earth, hence, fine powder of any kind." It doesn't require any boy of ten to recognize that no living human body could have been made of that.

Of course the Bible students explain that the word Dust is used in such connection figuratively. It describes material com-

A Question Puzzling Small Fry and Too Many Oldsters

posed of atoms that falls apart and returns to the elements when the living soul has departed it. But the Bible critic comes back with the challenge that you can't present the account of a process of what literally took place in figurative terms. If you can, then you can say in all common sense that the whole description of what occurred is presented figuratively. But the Bible student won't have that. He holds that the narrative in Genesis portrays an actual happening. Yet the process in Nature and physics is impossible. You can't create anything of dust because it won't hold its shape. You have to mix water with it to make it stick together. Even so, all you get is mud. And the ten-year-old knows well enough that human peo-

ple are certainly not composed of mud.

What we must look at in all honesty is, that the Book of Genesis isn't a truthful scientific account. It's more in the nature of a poem—a prose poem, meaning a poem that doesn't rhyme—describing symbolically what was *supposed* to have happened.

Men back in the days when the Book of Genesis was written were totally ignorant of natural science as society knows it today. They didn't even know that the earth was round and moved about the sun. They were so ignorant about astronomical matters that they thought the sun and moon, along with the stars, were mere "lights" set in the heavens by God to give light upon the earth. If they could be so ignorant about the shape of the earth and the movement about the sun, it stands to reason they could be equally ignorant about the forming of the first man.

They couldn't be ignorant about Astronomy and accurately learned about physiology . . .

AS a matter of fact, when we dig into the true meanings of words, we make some startling discoveries of our own. We start off by learning that nearly all the Books of the Bible, from beginning to end were written at first in foreign languages. Not a single one of them was written in English. They weren't even written in Hebrew—not at first. They were principally written in a speech called Aramaic.

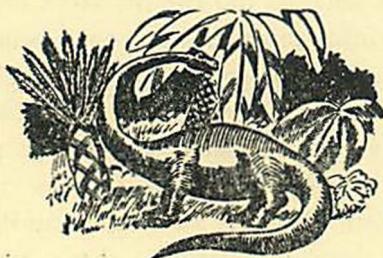
Aramaic was really a group of languages used throughout the eastern districts of the Holy Land back in the time of Christ

and before. Commonly it was the language of Sumaria—which was a mixture of Hebrew, Chaldean and Syraic. The books of the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, were written first in this, then they had to be translated into Greek, then they had to be translated into the Roman—or Latin—then they were translated into the German, and from German into English . . . just a little time before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. We call that the close of the Sixteenth Century, some four hundred years ago. Actually we have only had the books of the Bible in English up the past four hundred years, and before that they had to undergo four translations. Unhappily too, when these translators did the job from one language into another, they used words in their own language that they *thought* the preceding language meant. If they thought wrongly or incorrectly, we get the results of their word mistakes up here in the Twentieth Century. And again and again, in all these translations, that's precisely what happened . . .

¶ SLEEPING men confess their vices, but a man has to be awake to describe his dreams

UNHAPPILY, one of the greatest word mistakes these translators have handed down to us English-speaking people of to-

day has been the incorrect interpretation of the word Adam itself. They supposed, of course, that it meant the name of a man, just one man. They just conveniently overlooked and forgot the letter "u" that was always on the end of Adam in the Aramaic, which really had come down to the people Sumaria from the Assyrian-Babylonian. The real spelling of the word was *Adamu*. And that letter "u" made every difference in the world. It had the same meaning in Assyrian-Babylonian—or the Aramaic that evolved from it—as "s" does in English. It signified that the word should be used always in the plural. When we put the letter "s" on the *Cat* it means there is more than one cat.



So the letter "u" took the place of the English "s" to designate more than one. Continuing our illustration, if we should write that the Lord-God took dust of the ground and made c-a-t-s, we would call it that it was the whole cat species that was being referred to, not two cats or ten or a hundred. We would mean all cats. By the same token, when the early and ignorant writers in Aramaic-Babylonian said that the Lord-God took dust of the ground and breathed into the nostrils of the creature shaped thus and *Adamu* became a living soul, they should have been consistent and grammatical and written it that

Adamu became living *souls*, because Adamu meant Man in the plural. In other words, it should have been the same thing as saying that the Lord-God took dust of the ground and made a whole lot of Adamses, or people known as Adam.

Actually what the Bible writers were trying to say was, that the Lord-God made the man species out of perishable earth materials, or materials that dropped back into dust after the living souls of them had departed and gone up onto the Planes of Thought.

In other words, our ten-year-old boy should realize that the story of the creation of Adam is not to be taken as we say *literally*, that is, technically correct as to facts, but the description of a general process by which the whole human race came into existence and has been in existence ever since.

THIS is the reason why all the Adamses of that far-off period could be said to come into existence without mothers. It wasn't just one human being coming into existence as a baby and growing up. Notice that the Bible story doesn't mention anywhere that Adam—granted just one first-man was being talked about—was created by God as a baby. Adam, or more properly Adamu, was created full-grown. The reference was being made to Man as a species separate from animals or birds or reptiles, taking him by and large at his average age as a grown-up.

If the Bible story had made mention of the Lord-God forming the first *baby* of the dust of the ground—whether mixed with water and becoming mud or not—we

should have good cause for asking how it could happen without his having a mother. The whole account actually doesn't refer anyway to a mother-and-child beginning for the race, it is trying to narrate the fact that it was the perishable material of which the flesh of these first Adamses was made, that was the more important thing.

As a matter of fact, in these days when science has gone so far as to discover the true cause of all material by atomic fission, or nuclear energy already sketched in this magazine, we know so much more about the creation of the first man-species on this planet than these Bible writers knew that there's no comparison. The Adamu species probably came out of God first as spirit, but arriving on this plane of earth it assembled fleshly atoms about it and thus got its first bodies. Knowing nothing about the composition of atoms really, those early writers so totally ignorant of science, beheld the whole mysterious process and said God did it—letting it go at that. And we think of God as some venerable old man, pouring water on a dust-patch in the Garden of Eden and rolling up His sleeves and starting to mold a man from the resulting mud.

THE TROUBLE is, the people who go about insisting that the Bible is the actual, spoken word of God Himself and therefore "infallible"—as the word is for unassailable fact—are themselves just as ignorant about nuclear fission and atomic energy being the cause of Matter as the scribes who made all those translations of the great Biblical poem from the Aramaic.



Whatever they don't understand, they credit to God . . until we can almost call the word "mystery" as another name for ignorance.

This is another way of saying that if all church people who say they believe the Bible literally, knew as much as the nuclear scientists, and had the education to probe back and trace out the original meanings of words, they would have a hard time holding to such beliefs. Because those beliefs certainly wouldn't be borne out by the facts.

However, the ten-year-old's question, *Where did Adam Come from if he didn't have a mother?* was what we were discussing.

Those who want to study more profoundly into these deeper sacred matters can obtain the information for themselves that Adamu—meaning the man-species as

¶ GOOD people and children talk so much about Christmas that it comes!

we have said—came to this planet full-grown in spirit form, or at least found themselves here in spirit form "thought up" by God, but upon coating those spirit forms with atomic materials proceeded to show the kind of bodies we exhibit and ourselves use to the present, the males constituting one sex and the females constituting the other. Having gotten their bodies so coated or made *substantial* by such coverings composed of atoms, then they proceeded to produce other human beings by the process of having babies and bringing them up to proper maturity.

It's a whole lot like asking the question, Where did Santa Claus get his reindeer? Did he capture them wild, going out and lassoing them, or did he breed them as reindeer calves? The average sensible child would exclaim, "First of all we'd better consider whether Santa Claus is an actual person or a loving name we apply to the Christmas generosity that reminds people every year to give us Christmas presents." Isn't Santa Claus, in other words, the Christmas *spirit* personified as a man? And does that make the Christmas spirit any less real or result in us having fewer presents from those who love us?

Does it really make a whole lot of difference to us as Christians, trying to live peaceably and helpfully with our neighbors, whether Adam was the name of a single first-person or a whole species of first persons? The spirits of the first Adamses took on fleshly forms, and the women of those fleshly forms gradually became mothers—from which all of us since have gotten our bodies.

Actually, all of us are little miniatures of God Himself, getting our educations to one day be as great and mighty as the Father-God Himself when we've gone in and out of bodies on this earth-plane times enough.

But that will probably be millions of years in future.

What matters right now is getting all the education we can from this present life here in America in the Twentieth Century. It's going all to add *in* to our celestial adulthood.



Meantime, let's all get the most of the joyous Yuletide that's ahead for us—and thank the good God who made it possible.

The Lord's Prayer As Jesus Spoke It

HERE'S something, interesting, printed below. It's the Lord's Prayer reproduced in the original Aramaic, the language we've been talking about in this article on Adamu. Millions of Christians take for granted that Jesus went up and down Galilee and Judea speaking in English. But He did nothing of the sort. He spoke Aramaic.

Of course, today, we find Him speaking in English, just as He can come to Germans and speak German, or Spaniards and speak Spanish, or even to poor Russian serfs under Communism and speak Russian. Jesus is a pastmaster in speaking every language on earth just as though it were His native tongue. But this is how the Lord's Prayer sounded, the first time it was ever spoken by anybody's lips—

A vone, dvash maya, nith ka dash smack,
(Our Father in the universe, hallowed be Thy name,)

Ta-ty mal co thack, neh-way sev ianach,
(Let be Thy wishes,)

Al canna, dvash maya op ba ra,
(As in the universe so in earth,)

Hav lan lak ma sonn ka nan yo-manna,
(Give us bread our need today)

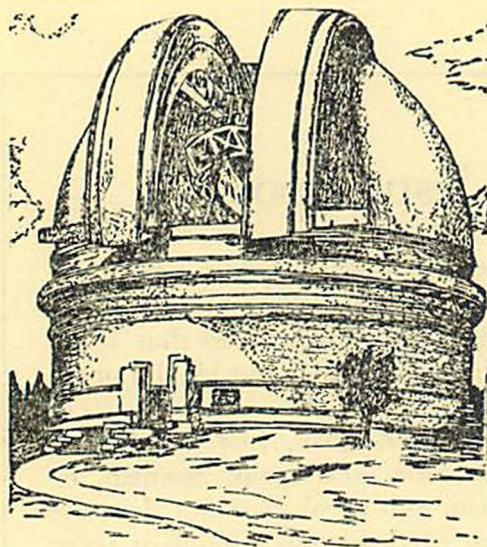
Wash bo lan ko ben ai canna dop ka nan shush bacon ka ya ven,
(And release us our offenses as also we have released to our offenders)

OO-la talan niss yuna,
(And do not let us enter into worldliness)

Ella pasan min besha
(But part us from error)

Mit toll lark yaa mal cotha, kela, oo tish bokta,
(Because thine is kingdom, power, and glory)

La lam almin, Amen!
(From ages to ages sealed in truth!)



SOME New Things We Are Learning

*ASTRONOMY May Take
on New Meanings as We
Consult Those Who Have
Visited Distant Planets . .*

CONTINUING the story of the heavens that we began last month, if you boarded a Flying Saucer and went out beyond the moon and Mars, the next big planet you would find circling around the sun in your pathway would be Jupiter. We have a lot of new things to learn about Jupiter this month. Go out and look into the sky on a summer's night when there's no moon and Jupiter looks no bigger to the naked eye than Venus or Mars. Actually it's the *biggest* planet in our whole system of solar worlds. It only looks the same size as Venus or Mars because of the tremendous distance it is from the earth.

The order of the planets out from the sun is, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto. This last one, Pluto, is so small and far

away that it wasn't seen even through the most powerful telescopes until 1930, when it was discovered by an astronomer at Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona. That's within the memory of living mothers and fathers.

Some astronomers hold an opinion there is a planet nearer to the sun even than Mercury, which they've given the name of Vulcan. It's so close in toward the sun, however, that not all of them can see it. The sun's rays are too bright at such a short distance from Old Sol. However, if we want to admit there is such a planet as Vulcan, then with little Pluto farthest out in space there are *ten* planets in the whole solar system.

Of them all, however, Jupiter is the giant among them.

TO BEGIN with, Jupiter is almost ten times the size of the earth. The dis-

s about the Heavenly Bodies that ng from the Flying Saucer Voyagers

tance through to the other side of the earth, wherever we may be standing upon it, is a trifle over 8,000 miles. The distance between opposite sides of Jupiter is 83,000 miles. We know because it's been measured through telescopes. But its size isn't the only thing distinguishing it.

We here on the earth are only 92 million miles from the sun. Light rays traveling out from the sun at a speed of 186,000 miles per second, reach us in about 8 minutes. But Jupiter is almost five times as far away. Accurately, the distance is 483,300,000 miles and it takes the sun's rays between forty to fifty minutes to complete the distance.

But here's the most enthralling thing about Jupiter. If you lived upon it you'd find your summers were something like three of our earth-years long—and the same for the other three seasons.

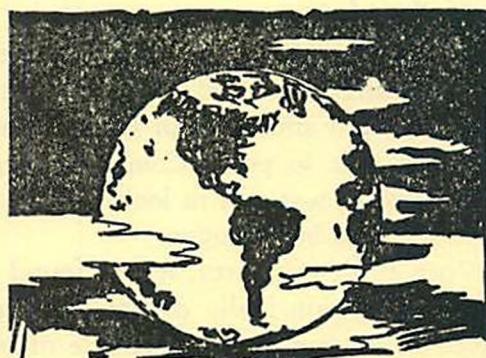
In other words, a year on Jupiter consumes 11 years and 10 months of our calendar time on Earth. Summer would be splendid to last nearly three of our years, but think of the winter remaining for any such length of time.

No one has any scientific reason for Jupiter being so big. But before we leave off mention of it, something ought to be said about the so-called Planetoids that ex-

ist between Mars and this giant planet . . . Another name for them is the Asteroids . .

TO BEGIN with, there are several thousand of them and astronomers are never sure they've got them all counted. Ceres, Pallas, Vesta and Juno are the four largest. Some of them run down to as small as nine miles in size. These are true worlds and revolve around the sun just as the Earth does, and yet they're so tiny that viewed from a distance they look like a cluster of starry gnats. Now where such an unbelievable number of little planets came from is anybody's guess.

There's one school of astronomers that holds that ages upon ages ago all the material in this planetary swarm was contained in two globes about the size of our earth that revolved about each other while



at the same time revolving around the sun. They were what is called Twin Planets. Suddenly some strange influence came out of further Space—maybe a wandering comet—that pulled one of them out of its equilibrium and it crashed into its twin. There was, of course, a terrific holocaust in the heavens and most of the fiery mass got drawn toward the earth. The rest of it revolved into hundreds upon hundreds of little round worlds that continued on their ways as the Asteroids.

¶ *SAID Francis Church:*
"Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies!"

The fiery portion that headed for Earth has come to be called by some people, the "Drift." After journeying a couple of weeks through the distance of Space, every night growing larger and larger as it came closer, it finally smacked our Earth on one side from pole to pole. Coming through the skies so, it was said to look very much like a gigantic fiery dragon.

When it hit our earth, it was found to be composed principally of hot mud and gravel. It covered exactly one side of our globe to a depth of about thirty feet with this coating of hot clay, slightly reddish in

color when it cooled, stretching from a point in the United States about where North Dakota borders on Montana, across the whole eastern United States and South America, and ending on its eastern edge at about the Volga River in Russia. The whole of the Atlantic Ocean got it—where of course the stuff sank beneath the waves and dissolved in sea water—and all the British Isles and Europe. All of Africa got it, the same as South America had done, because the blanket of the hot clay was from pole to pole.

Of course it blotted out most of the human life under it when it struck, excepting for scattered remnants of families and tribes that might have been protected in caves in the mountains which individuals happened to be in, or where they sought shelter knowing it was due to strike.

That some such thing happened is more or less proven by the fact that one whole side of the earth, from North to South Pole and from Montana to the beginning of Asiatic Russia, is covered with a reddish clay soil that doesn't show a trace on the other half of the planet. Modern geologists can't be certain at this day whether the Drift—as this clay blanket is called—was so laid down from the disaster that also made the Asteroids, or from a comet striking our earth with its tail, a tail that was composed of great clouds of gravel instead of mere fiery vapor. So to sidestep the argument about it, they hazard the guess that somehow it was deposited on this side of the globe during the Ice Age. But very foolishly they have no explanation as to why the Ice Age spread reddish clay over just one-half the planet north and

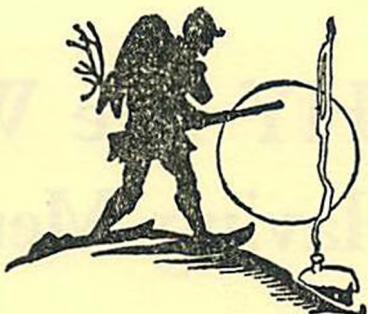
south and didn't spread an ounce of the clay over the other.

People who believe the Drift was the result of the two planets between Mars and Jupiter crashing together, call it the Quain-Habal catastrophe. They probably get these names for the planets from the names Cain and Abel used in Genesis. You remember Cain slew his brother Abel, the first murder—supposedly—in history. Behind the fanciful story of these troubles in the original Adams Family, early historians were really trying to convey a greater story of a frightful planetary killing in the skies.

Of course the people on the side of the earth that didn't get smacked in such fashion, continued to live and multiply and make up for the numbers killed by the great fiery Drift smothering them. The Drift-material itself cooled over a long period of time, and the trees, grasses and flowers poked up through it, and the side of the Earth that had suffered the impact of it returned to the way it looked before the fiery event happened.

Anyhow, the theory is that the Asteroids between Mars and Jupiter are what remained in proper place in the skies, and didn't go traveling anywhere, assuming a ball-shape as they kept on whirling, each one, and continuing so to this day.

It is also interesting to note that there is another theory that the reason the people of China and the Orient worship a mythical creature called the Dragon, is because the Drift coming through the skies for two weeks before it struck, had the shape of such a fiery monster. Because it struck that side of the earth that was away



from the Orient, and spared China and India, the natives of those countries jumped to the religious conclusion that the Dragon was a holy creature that spared most of the Asiatics because it loved them and they were under its *protection*.

Incidentally, down in Brown County, Ohio, some survivors of the catastrophe who had been in mountain caves on this continent when it happened, erected an earth-monument to preserve the record of the awful thing, that endures right to this day, and you can go down and see it yourself. You climb an elevated steel platform and look down on the whole of it from a height of sixty feet and you see a long wiggly "mound" in the design of a great serpent—or Dragon—with its jaws wide open, seeking to swallow a huge ball, probably the earth. It is said to have been erected by the North American "Mound Builders" . . . and to preserve it the State of Ohio has created a public park around it so nobody will destroy or damage it . .

(*EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the Second of a series of articles telling entrancing stories about the heavenly bodies, for Junior Soulcrafters. The Third will appear in an early issue.*)

WHY Are We Born to Families Having Members We Dislike?

A Problem that Puzzles Brothers and Sisters Who Often Get on Each Other's Nerves

HERE is one of the commonest of questions asked by beginners in the study of Karma. Karma is the Life Program we've set for ourselves over any visitation into earth-life, in order to pay off moral obligations we may be owing to others or get particular experiences that will profit us spiritually. We come awake, as a girl, let's say, in our new personality, with a new name and perhaps something of a new physical appearance from what we had before—due to our new parents being different people—to find that we have, perhaps, three sisters and four brothers. We may be the youngest of the lot.

However, from the very first month that we began really to take note of the differences in the personalities of people, we've been chafing under an intense dislike for our second brother, Walter. We can't get over it and we can't explain it. Everything Walter does nettles us. Every-

thing he says, bores us. When he comes in the same room, we finally reach a point where we want to rise and go out. Walter has never done us any harm personally, so long as we've been aware of him. But there it is. We cry, half in seriousness, we wish he'd go far, far away and conveniently drop dead. We wouldn't send him a bunch of backyard dandelions as funeral flowers.

What on earth can lie behind such peculiar dislike?

To the veteran Soulcrafter this tolerance stacks up as one of the outstanding proofs that all of us have lived before. If we have an intense dislike of some one person, and we recall nothing in the present life to account for it, then the feeling must go back to a still earlier relationship. We simply don't dislike other people for not a cause in the world.

STOP and think a minute and you're bound to agree that the chief reason that any given person generally bores us



is because we've had too much of his personality when we haven't asked for or wanted it. That's the way it appears to us. All the same, something deeper is at work. There are a lot of different people who come into our affairs without our asking them or wanting them, and we simply get rid of them as we can and think no more about them. We don't have the urge to pour a pail of cold water on their heads or smear soap on the steps so that they slip and break a leg.

You go to a Soulcraft Mentor and ask him what the trouble is between you and a given person you don't like—such as Walter for instance—and he'll explain to you that one of two things is at work. Either Walter has intruded into your affairs when you were known by another name in an earlier life and messed them up, thinking he was doing you a kindness when he really wasn't, or Walter happens to be one of those people who "give you

nothing spiritually." In other words, he contributes nothing to your life of the present that makes it richer in experiences.

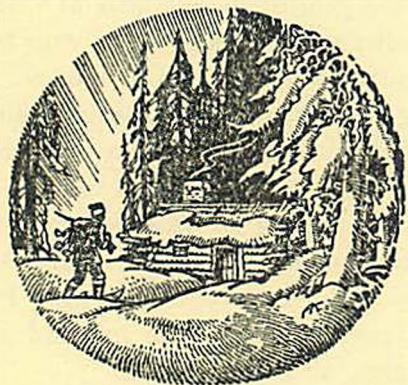
Put it this way—

SUPPOSE you've grown a few years older—Walter doing the same—and some old gentleman to whom he's done a favor dies suddenly and leaves your brother a surprisingly big sum of money. Supposing Walter, wanting to square himself somehow with a sister whom he feels has always disliked him, comes to you and says, "I'm taking an ocean voyage to Europe this coming summer on some of the money Old Man Jones left me. How's about coming along *with* me and seeing the sights, all expenses paid?"

Do you imagine if Walter offered you such a rare chance to see all the countries of the Old World, he'd be boring you much after that? He'd be *giving* you something that broadened your thinking and your outlook. You'd be indebted to him for experiences that would stay with you in form of memories of value all the rest of your life. And if Walter went through with his offer and gave you a royal good time, a sense of decency, fair play and gratitude when you got home wouldn't permit you many urges to get up and walk out when he came in the room. Walter instead, would probably turn out your favorite brother, and you'd ask yourself in later years why in the world he ever bored you?

Of course this doesn't mean that everybody has to *give* us something before we naturally like them. But the general idea

holds. It's a law of life and human nature that we feel most friendly to people who seem to impart something to us even if it's only fresh ideas, or kindly advice when we're in trouble and need counsel, and nothing quite so grand as a paid trip to Europe.



And this particularly holds as between boys *and* girls, brothers *and* sisters, grown men *and* women. Often there's a subtle magnetic force that plays back and forth, no matter what the age, between people of opposite sexes, that attracts them to each other as they feel its effects. We remark to a school friend that John Henry has such a "magnetic personality" . . . The schoolgirl friend on the other hand, can't see John for dust. He's just a drip to her, and no slang intended. What's happening is the interplay of that magnetism between ourselves and John, whereas there's not a bit of it between John and the friend. The word we apply to it is "polarity." There's no polarity between John Henry and Julia Jennings. There's all kinds of polarity between John and ourselves . . .

GENERALLY speaking, the first family dislike we've really acquired for Walter is mainly due to absolutely no magnetic force passing between us, even if he is a mere brother. Polarity is lacking. Walter's not really to blame for it, any more than you're to blame for not being in polarity to *him*. You're just not "cut out for each other" is the usual way we describe it. But what of that? No particular reason to hate him for it.

However, here's something else to think about, . . . maybe another reason for your "instinctive" dislike of Walter as you name it—

Mightn't it dawn upon you that when you and Walter were in earth-life the previous time, maybe living in some country over in Europe, you weren't brother and sister at all but lover and sweetheart? Say he met you at a dance in some little Swiss village up in the Alps. You fell in love with each other—because we usually fall in love and marry boys who have belonged to the same groups on the higher areas of life in spirit—and in due time you got married. He didn't have much money but he did have a little cottage far up on the treeline, and he took you there and for a little while you were joyously happy.

Finally the day came when you realized you were both going to be parents of a first baby. But because Walter in those days was so poor, he didn't take kindly to the expense it would mean to him, and he grew moody and sullen over it. When he began to act as though you were to blame for having the baby, you found

your wifely love dying for him. But the baby *was* coming, nonetheless.

Well, you had the baby, and a year later you had a second baby, and a third and a fourth. You were shut up with this disgruntled husband week in and week out and all these children to attend to, in that lonely little cabin far up in the forest. No one ever came to see you because the distance was so great and there were no auto roads in those days, not even automobiles or telephones. They hadn't been invented, because maybe this was one or two hundred years ago.

WELL, you became so eternally sick of that glum husband of yours, who was as much responsible for your big family as you were—and perhaps more so—that as soon as the last child got big enough to look after itself, you just prayed the good Lord to take you away from it all and let you have a good rest. So you got what you prayed for. The way the Lord answered your prayer was to let you catch a hard cold one bitter January day up there in the lonely cabin, that developed into pneumonia, with the mountain snows so heavy that no doctor could reach you. So you died.

The embarrassing thing about it for you was, that when Walter saw how very sick you were, his disposition changed and he was as kind as you could ask, right up to your final moment when the end came . . . and your soul quitted your tired body and went up onto Planes of Thought. In due time Walter too died physically, but when you saw him in the Summerland again you didn't feel any too kindly to-

ward him. Because you remembered principally the monotonous kind of married life he'd given you. You couldn't exactly hate him because you did have to acknowledge that he did what he could for you when your illness was turning fatal.

Very good then . . . when the time had come for all in your group to go back down onto the earth-plane and get born anew, so to have some more experiences in a country like America with all the new inventions that had come in meanwhile, it suddenly dawned on you with a bored feeling one day when he entered the room with a whoop and disturbed you—

"This is exactly the same soul that once was my husband, that married life I had in Switzerland. I was shut up with him in that mountain cabin so long a time that I came to loathe the very sight of him. Now here he is back with me in this fresh earth-life *as my brother*. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!"

**¶ TRUST men and
they will be true to you;
treat them greatly and
they will show them-
selves great . . .**

THAT'S the way things do happen between us and other members of our heavenly group, and we have to credit it and make allowances.



Ten to one we're going to grow out of that bored dislike as the years mount a little higher and he goes his way and we go ours. We'll even think back a little wistfully of the times that we spent in the same family as brother and sister and wish we could return to them just for one week or even one day. But we can't. Walter grew up and graduated from high school and went to Alaska and was killed in a snow-slide. So now he's back on the Planes of Thought waiting for the whole family

group to come up and rejoin him.

Oh well, what's the difference? Maybe two or three hundred years ahead, when the whole family group has come back a third time, we'll find that the bothersome Walter has come back as our first baby son.

And we'll probably love his little pink head off.

But this explains in a measure why we may get born into families that has members we don't like.

EVERY Boy and Girl Selects Father, Mother, for Some Special Reason . . .

*A LIFE-Fact that Saves
Many a Child from
Bitterness to Know . . .*



ONE of the most surprising things any boy or girl can learn when he or she starts reading books like those of Soulcraft, is contained in the enlightenment that practically all people have a choice of what parents shall bring them into the world and raise them. No boy or girl ever has the right to cry—after being scolded for some act of disobedience—“How did I ever get such a father or mother? . . . They don’t understand me.”

In nine cases out of ten, being understood or not being understood doesn’t enter into it. New people don’t come into earth-life to be “understood.” They come into a given earth-life to get some particular lesson, or a special set of educating experiences, by being born the offspring of a given father and mother. In fact, if they were only able to remember it consciously, they would recall not only arranging for a given father and mother to bear them but for most of the important events that are to happen throughout their whole lives, be-

cause those events are going to make them strong and self-reliant after having lived through them. The selection of parents is only an incidental phase of this, the opening phase, we might call it.



ACTUALLY, there isn't one boy or girl in the whole world—or grown-up either for that matter—that hasn't lived before in earth-life, not once but a great many times. People who haven't had very many lives wouldn't be found living in a great highly civilized country like the United States of today. They'd be found as living their first lives in, say, the jungles of Africa, or among South Sea savages, or even certain former Indian tribes, where the whole lesson of life has to do with the physical and not much besides. But as they enter and live one life after another, and gain more and more knowledge of what all world-life is like, they appear in more and more civilized countries, where life is more and more complicated. They do this because they have gained the lessons in strictly physical living and want to branch out and learn lessons about social manners, and science, and deep religious principles.

Each time they die, they spend quite a long time—sometimes as long as five hundred years—in some peculiar Negro heaven-world or Happy Hunting Ground where their own families have gone before them. After a long time getting accustomed to the sort of surroundings in which Mind can have anything it wants by merely thinking it, because it practically amounts to that, those "young souls" as we call them, decide they want to return into earth-bodies where Matter is the boss of them and makes them conform to this or that. But always, by deciding to get themselves born again into this earth-world, they do it to gain some particular experiences that make them stronger spiritually—the thing that grown-ups give the name of Stamina. Perhaps the simpler name would be Courage.

VERY GOOD then, the thing they proceed to do is consult the oldest and wisest persons in their heaven-world and ask them what special sort of experiences would build them up in stamina and moral courage, so that they become greater and cleverer spirits at the end of this earth visitation they are planning to make. Those elderly and wise people reply, "The first thing you must do—to increase your trait of Patience for instance—is choose precisely the type of parents who will start you off on the best way to get such lessons."

The young soul, anxious to know the details, asks, "How in the world can I decide what kind of parents I need to teach me lessons in greater patience?"

These sages—as we call them—will probably answer, "The best types of parents to

teach a young soul patience would be a man and woman who don't get along so good together in their private family lives. A husband and wife who are always bickering at one another, or finding fault with each other, or even openly fighting the clock around, will have the effect on their children of causing such children to say, 'Well, when I grow up and marry I certainly am not going to have *my* children listening to this sort of thing. I'll purposely show a little more control over myself. I'll hold my tongue, or try to love my wife—or husband—a little stronger, so that quarrels between us don't happen so regularly.' You choose a pair of parents like that, and by the time you've grown up and reached such decision about your own married life, you'll have gotten the main lesson for which you're tackling this new earth-life."

Remember, this is only one example out of many that is being explained so—that you may get the idea of what certainly happens.

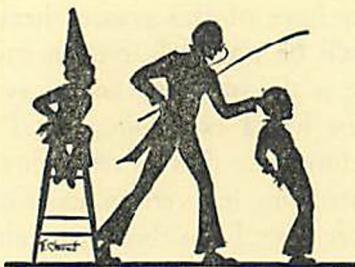
GENERALLY, we discover, when young souls—that is, souls that haven't learned very much as yet because they have not lived enough lives to educate them—decide on what it is they want to go into a fresh earth-life to develop themselves *in*, these wise sages do them the service of suggesting several married people who might make them the parents their wants demand. The young soul considers the list of them and finally makes its choice.

"Remember," the sages warn them, "when you've died out of your present heavenly body, back into the body of the lady's new baby, you won't have any mem-

¶ **NO MOTHER is so wicked but that she desires to have good children . .**

ory of this advice you've sought from us. As your new brain—your literal physical brain—develops in such new baby's head, it will 'get in the way' of all the memories you may have of this present heaven-life, and you'll be positively certain that your new life is the only one you've ever had. You'll be heard exclaiming, 'If I've ever lived before, why don't I remember it as I remember living in a certain house on a certain street when I was three years old?' But the reason why the physical brain with its new load of earth-memories gets in the way of the older heavenly memories is expressly to make life *seem* that way, because there are benefits from that forgetting as well. The general idea in your head that this is the only life you've ever lived, and when you've lived it 'you'll be a long time dead' as you hear people express it in their general ignorance of all this, makes you extremely careful about how you live your life and not waste it or endanger it. If you didn't have the conviction, meaning if you weren't persuaded, that this bodily life was all the life you ever had to live, you might show yourself careless in street traffic, or in your attitude toward others, angering them and making them take it out on you, perhaps killing you. Always you'd carry

around the thought in your head, 'It doesn't make much difference what I do or how I behave, all I've got to do is go back into the planes of the Thought Heavens and get myself born over again into something easier to take.' So God wishes you to go through your new earth-life, the son or daughter of these always-quarreling parents, believing such a fate is very hard indeed. In this way such experiences are impressed on your soul-mind and you truly receive the lesson you've invited yourself to learn."



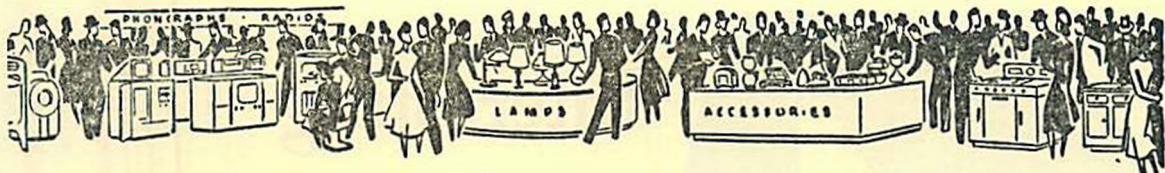
SO THE young soul starts into a course of special training in the heaven-world for its return into earth-life, called by some Higher Authorities the *Sphere of Youth*. And under the instruction from from great and wise teachers, it learns how to go to sleep and wake up in the new baby's body that is born to a woman, we'll say, named McGinnis and her husband . . Irish people . . because it's a trait of Irish people to love a good fight for its own sake. The McGinnises fight at the drop of a hat, as we put it, in fact they literally battle around the clock over the most foolish trifles. Particularly are they unkind to their own children, slapping them or even throwing things at them in temper when

properly provoked. And the young soul, born as Johnny McGinnis or Evelyn McGinnis, reaches the hour in earth-life when he or she cries in despair, "What did I ever do to be born to such people? They call me Irish too, of course, because this father and mother to whom I've come are Irish. But one thing is certain, when I grow up and have children of my own, I'm going to show myself as one McGinnis that isn't always battling. I'm going to show that I've got more *patience*."

That's precisely why you get yourself born to these people, only your physical brain with its current earth-memories, has long-since blotted out those earlier memories of the talk you had with the sages when they explained what family circumstances must be to give you the strongest and most effective lesson in such spiritual improvement.

UNDERSTAND thoroughly in all this, there are a thousand lessons besides perfecting the self in Patience, that young souls enter life to receive. What your own current lesson may be that you're after is hard to decide offhand, because it happens to be strictly your private business. But you can lay yourself a wager, no matter what your age, that so long as you're continuing to live life, you're getting it or you'd quit and go back. You would pick up some disease germ, and be deathly sick and pass away, or you'd run out in front of a speeding motorcar—apparently in childish carelessness—and be all smashed to pieces.

The main point of this particular article is, that you try to be a little more con-



siderate in your own right of the parents whom you often think so terrible and strict and nonunderstanding. Soulcraft's studies in talking with people who are already in the higher heaven-planes, disclose that there isn't a man or woman of any age alive today, who didn't have their own Say about being born to given fathers and mothers. The trouble is, there is almost no way to discover what the lesson is you're learning until you go back with earth-life ended, and arrive at an accounting with yourself.

On the Higher Levels of that heaven-world that's all around you but that you can't see or touch because you lack the senses for the moment, you'll discover that there has been kept almost a continuous motion-picture reel of every act you've ever done from the instant of getting born—every act either public or private—which you can look over in the Gallery of Memory any time you have the courage to review your behavior throughout your whole lifetime. Also a sort of sound-recording has been made of every word you've ever spoken to anybody, in either anger or love. There's been a sort of invisible electronic microphone somewhere near you every instant since you uttered your first shriek in your cradle demanding milk and demanding it be fresh, warm, and plenty of it.

That pictorial and sound recording isn't

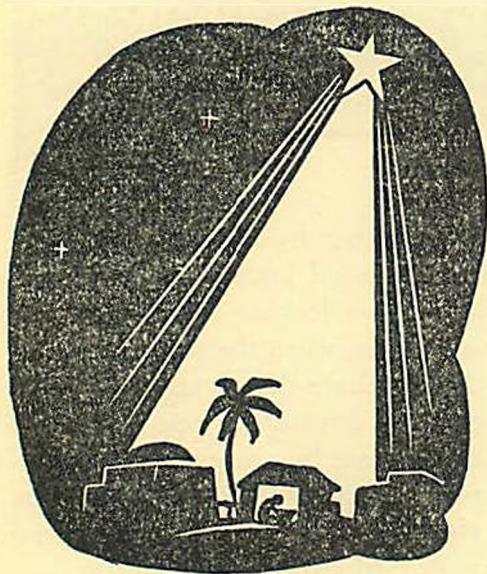
for a looking-over by any punishing God, because God is all Love and too kind to punish. It's for looking over by *yourself* and none other, when the proper time arrives that you have the courage to take it. It's your own private and personal record of your own last life, to guide you in deciding what more things are lacking in your character that possibly need several more such earth-lives to bring to you.

Too bad more people don't know these things. It might be a much better world if they did. But in their present ignorance they blame fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, the corner policeman, the nation's politicians . . . anybody and everybody but themselves, for what they're meeting up with day after day.

Get the lowdown on the whole of it, and know these matters, and act accordingly, and the movie and sound-track record of your life will ultimately contain so very much you're proud of, that you'll want to invite the whole world to sit in on the showing of it.

Anyhow, it's being very unfair right at the present moment to criticize or let yourself become bitter over the way you imagine your parents "treat" you. They're truly delivering to you just what you bargained for, when you consented to be born to them.

Someday you'll credit it and be grateful that Soulcraft enlightened you about it.



Interesting Things to Know about CHRISTMAS ..

¶ *THE \$64 Question: Was the Star over Bethlehem Truly a Flying Saucer?*

BEFORE another issue of BRIGHT HORIZONS is published, the annual festival of Christmas shall have come and gone again. The small fry envision it as the occasion of the midwinter visitation of Santa Claus. The oldsters remember it as the glittery keeping of Christ's Birthday. Yet ancient as it is as a festival, the historical fact remains that no one knows with absolute accuracy exactly on what day in the year Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea. No vital statistics were preserved of those ancient times. Figuring back to the times of Roman taxation in Judea nineteen centuries in the past—of which there *are* records—and assuming that the New Testament story is correct, that Jesus was born during a visit of his parents to Bethlehem to pay their taxes to the Roman govern-

ment of the province, the date was not December 25th but October 4th.

However, the point is not important, merely an interesting thing to know.

The main significance of Christmas is its festival character. We set December 25th as the universal feast day throughout Christendom to commemorate the birth of Jesus, calling it the Nativity ..

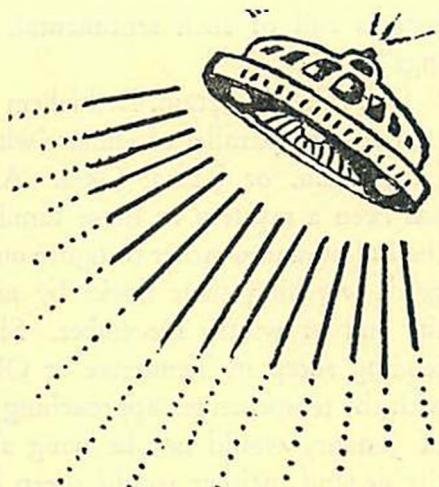
The word itself for the festival was once upon a time the Christ Mass. Masses were merely the term for Holy Services of the whole populace—they did not always have the meaning of the same service of the name that is held regularly in the Roman Catholic Church of today.

THE EARLIEST body of gospel tradition, represented by Mark no less than by a primitive document known as the non-Marcan, embodied in the first and

third gospels, begins not with the birth and childhood of Jesus but with His baptism, and this order of gospel matter was faithfully deflected in the time order of the invention of feasts. The Great Church adopted Christmas much later than Epiphany, and before the Fifth Century there was no general opinion as to when it should come in the calendar, whether on the 6th of January, the 25th of March or the 25th of December.

It was largely the early church writer Hippolytus who set the date we observe today when he said in one of his commentaries on Daniel that Jesus was born at Bethlehem on the 25th day of December, a Wednesday, in the 42nd year of the Roman Emperor Augustus. In any case Hippolytus mentions no feast, nor was such a festival appropriate to the orthodox ideas of his age. As late as 245 A.D., Origen, in his eighth homily on Leviticus, declares as sinful the very idea of keeping the birthday of Christ as if He were a King Pharaoh. So hundreds of years went by with no gala note being attached to the Nativity, or singing, *Joy to the World, the Lord Has Come!*

There were, however, many speculations in the Second Century about the date of Christ's birth. Clement of Alexandria, mentions several such but condemns them as superstitious. Some chronologists, he says, alleged the birth to have occurred in the 28th year of Augustus, on the 25th day of Paschon, the Egyptian month—which can be identified as the 20th of May. Others set it on the 24th or 25th of Pharnuthi, which would make it the 19th or



20th of our modern April. Clement himself sets it as the 17th day of our modern November, in a year on our calendar that we identify as 3 B. C. This by no means presents any inconsistency or the ludicrous idea of Jesus being born three years before Himself. Calendars were not figured in those days from the occurrence of the Nativity. But it might be interesting in passing to grasp how those old Church Fathers reasoned in such matters . .

THE AUTHOR of an old Latin tract written in Africa in 243, sets it by what he deemed private revelation—the thing that today we might call Psychical—as the 28th day of March. He argues that the world was created perfect, flowers in bloom, trees in leaf, therefore in spring, also at the equinox when the newly created moon was at full. Now the Sun and moon were supposed to have been created on a Wednesday. The 28th day of March suited all these conditions. Christ therefore, being the Son of Righteousness, must have been born on the 28th of March. Church his-

tory is full of such sentimental "reasonings".

One thing is certain. Bethlehem is about on the same parallel of climate with Memphis, Tenn. or Tulsa, Okla. Always it has been a mystery to those familiar with the Palestinian weather to figure out "shepherds watching their flocks by night" at the end of wintry December. Shepherds tending sheep in Tennessee or Oklahoma with the temperatures approaching the first of January would not be lying about on the ground, neither would sheep be gaining much nourishment from frozen pasturage. At the most those shepherds would be huddled about warming fires that dimmed any miraculous display in the heavens. The episode of the shepherds is, in other words, what we call an anachronism. An autumn night or even a spring night, yes. But what grasses were those sheep eating in the middle of Judean winter?

¶ CHRISTIANS and camels receive their burdens kneeling . . .

MAKING a festival out of the Nativity probably did originate in the western Mediterranean country, in and around Italy and Spain, later spreading eastward. Chrysostom, in a sermon preached at Antioch on December 20, 386, says that some held the feast of December 25th to have

been kept in the West, from Thrace to Cadiz, "from the beginning". We know it was observed in 353 at the court of Constantius. Basil of Caesaria adopted it. Honorius, emperor who ruled from 395 onward, informed his mother and brother Arcadius in Byzantium of how the new feast was kept in Rome. Epiphanius of Crete was won over to it, as were the three other patriarchs, Theophilus of Alexandria, John of Jerusalem and Flaxian of Antioch. Thereafter the Christmas Festival, or Christ Mass, was fairly on its way into the hearts of men, women, and little children, although it wasn't until it reached Germany that the Kris Kringle note was sounded, and the great and holy feast day became the year's main item in the minds of the earth's Christian youngsters.

By the way, here's something interesting to know about the unusual attention it acquired concerning children—

The grounds on which the Church introduced the festival in the 5th Century had to do with the church's stand on infant baptism.

The transition from adult to infant baptism was proceeding rapidly in the East, and in the West was well-nigh completed. Its natural complement was a festal recognition of the fact that the Divine Element was present in Christ from the first, and was no new stage of spiritual promotion represented by the descent of the Spirit on Jesus at the River Jordan. The general adoption of child baptism helped to extinguish the old view that Jesus' divine life dated from that baptism—a view which had led to the Epiphany Feast to be re-

garded as that of Jesus' spiritual rebirth. This aspect of the feast was therefore forgotten and its importance in every way diminished by the new and rival feast of Christmas.

IN BRITAIN the 25th of December was a festival day long before the island's complete conversion to Christianity, for Bede relates that "the ancient peoples of the Angli began the year on December 25th when we now celebrate the birthday of the Lord, and the very night which is now so holy to us, they called in their tongue *modra niht*, that is to say, Mother's Night, by reason, we suspect, of the festival preparations which in the long-night vigil all mothers performed."

In 1644 the Puritans forbade any merriment or religious services by act of Parliament, on the ground that they celebrated a heathen festival, ordering it to be kept as a fast. Charles II revived it, but the Scots remained close to the Puritan view.

Outside the Teutonic countries, the giving of Christmas presents was unknown—and largely continues to this day. Their place is taken in Latin countries by the *Strenae*—French *etrennes*—given on the first of January. This was, in antiquity, a great holiday, whereas the Christians from late in the 4th century, had kept it as a day of fasting and gloom.

HISTORY plays little part, however, in the rich, warm, compassionate and altogether tender loveliness of Yuletide as the western hemisphere knows it. Christ's advent to earth meant joy to all men, not

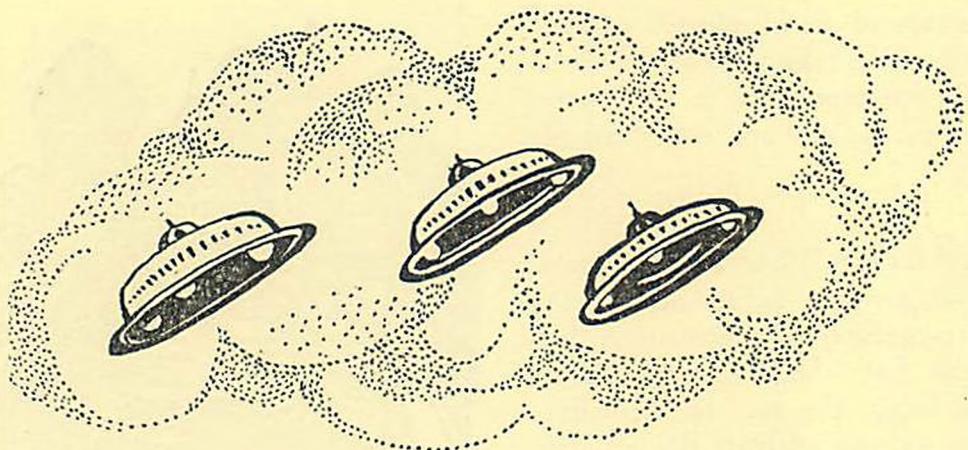


fasting and gloom. What better occasion to express it than on His natal day?

Christmas up here in 1954, however, may take on additional significance stemming from the year's record of Flying Saucers.

There is one school of thought regarding the Saucers—based on statements alleged to have come down to us from higher realms—that the literal soul of Jesus might have been brought to this planet, and particularly to the stable at Bethlehem, by a Space Ship from what has been called the Seat of the Godhead on the gigantic planet revolving about Sirius. As this holy conveyance approached the earth's atmosphere, it could have turned luminous, and this Saucer luminosity moved slowly through the night skies so that the shepherds out in the hills beheld it—the famous "Star" of Bethlehem. This theory may not be so fantastic as it sounds at first hearing.

The New Testament states that the "star" moved over the Bethlehem plain until it stopped above the roof of the manger



where Mary was giving birth to the world's most beloved baby. How could a normal star, perceptible to astronomers—granted there had been astronomers with telescopes in those ancient times—have stopped above one row in a tiny Judean settlement? Would it not have been too high in the sky for such a performance? Furthermore, the story of the Three Wisemen traveling westward on their camels, would likewise confirm the Saucer theory. The New Testament declares the same star "led" them. That would have meant something in the heavens close enough to the earth's surface to do such "leading" . . . furthermore, it would mean that such a moving body of incandescence required a piloting genius. Could an insensate mass of molten material, like a meteor, have accomplished such a thing? Someone intelligent enough not only to steer such a marvel, but psychic enough to identify the Magi and continue along in front of them straight through to Bethlehem—where it indicated to them the proper building where the Nativity was occurring—would fit every specification of

what we know today about those Space People.

Adamski and Leslie, authors of *The Saucers Have Landed* document their book heavily with data of Space Ships observed above our globe over past hundreds of years.

However, the new Christmas season looms ahead of us, and hearts begin warming up and pulses quickening as we express our devotion to our Lord's memory by the affection contained in the gifts we shower on bright-eyed offspring.

The cynic weighted by his years of disillusion may utter slighting remarks about the festival, viewing its rampant commercialism. But there is no ill-favor of commercialism in the heart of a child as it scans the brilliant toy-enriched store windows or falls asleep on the night of December 24th to the strains of *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*.

Little else matters.

God help all of us if one week and day in the year we can't afford to be sentimental with abandon! . .

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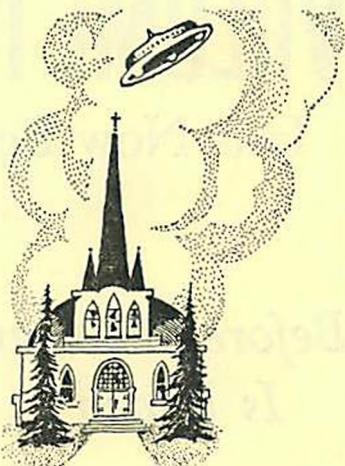
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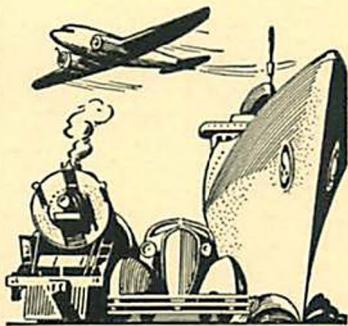
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